

L'UMILE PIANTA.

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MISS MACFARLANE, at 8, Upper Phillimore Gardens,
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Years 1909-10—

MRS. BELLERBY, 11, Northanger Road, Streatham
Common, S.W.

Years 1911-14—

MISS J. R. SMITH, at 40, Cornwall Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

1901. Albrechsten, Mrs. (*née* S. Hirtzel), c/o W. Russell Bowker, Esq., Mount Margaret Escarpment, B.E. Africa.
1898. Allen, E. C., Tan-y-Fron, Llanrwst, N. Wales (sole address).
1894. Barrett, M., c/o Mrs. White, Orange Hill, Tandragee, Co. Armagh (sole address).
1906. Brittlebank, Mrs. (*née* M. E. Davis), 46, St. Helens Road, Ormskirk, Lancashire.
1909. Brown, I. E., c/o Ralph Wilson, Esq., I.C.S., Baldana, Berar, Central Provinces, India (post).
1910. Channing-Pearce, L., Government House, Nightingale Place, Woolwich.
1908. Courtney, D. S., 3, St. Barnabas, Newlands, Malvern (sole address).
1911. Derrick, A. L., Greenfield Cottage, Little Sutton, Chester (rooms).
1911. Good, M., c/o Mrs. Evans, Worfield Vicarage, Bridgnorth, Shropshire (sole address).
1908. Haggie, C. M., 1290, Beach Drive, Oak Bay, Victoria B.C.
1911. Harvey, C., c/o Miss Arden, East Burnham House, Slough (non-resident post); c/o Miss Macro, The Cottage, Burnham Beeches, Slough (rooms).
1912. Malden, T. S., c/o Mrs. Child, Mayfield, Winchester (non-resident post); 6, Ranelagh Road, Winchester (rooms).
1903. Moore, Mrs. (*née* A. Cox), Cleve, Hengistbury Road, Southbourne-on-Sea, Hants.

1896. Mulloney, E. L., at The Poplars, Frittenden, Staplehurst, Kent (sole address).
1904. Owen, M. E., c/o Mrs. Cooke, C.M.S. Hospital, Mengo, Uganda (post).
1912. Somerville, E. M., c/o Rev. A. R. Andreae, Tigh-na-bruaich, Sarisbury Green, Southampton (post).
1905. Stainton, L., 30, Lithos Road, Finchley Road, N.W. (sole address).
1906. Whittall, A. P., Hazel Manor, Compton Martin, near Bristol (summer); Poole Court, Yate, Gloucestershire (winter); (both post addresses).
1905. Wilkinson, J. M., c/o The Lady Glenconner, Glen, Innerleithen, N.B. (post).

BIRTHS.

JULIUS.—On October 9th, at Colombo, Ceylon, the wife (*née* Wilkinson) of Sydney Julius, of a daughter.

MAUGHAN.—At Burnside, Furness Vale, Cheshire, on October 5th, the wife (*née* Strachan) of A. D. K. Maughan, of a son.

PRINGLE.—At 19, Great King Street, Edinburgh, on August 4th, the wife (*née* Ida Fischer) of Arthur Stanley Pringle (Advocate), Captain, 10th Cameronians (British Expeditionary Force), of 14, Norland Square, W., of a son.

DEATH.

BLEASE.—On August 7th, killed in action in the Gallipoli Peninsula, Captain Harvey Blease, 15th Batt. The King's (Liverpool Regt.), attached 7th Lancashire Fusiliers, the dearly-beloved husband of Dorothy S. Blease.

NOTICES, ETC.

The Annual Address List will be published in the next number of L'UMILE PIANTA. Will students, therefore, send up

their addresses to the Editor *now*. The next number will, as explained elsewhere, not come out till February. This will allow of students who are changing posts at Christmas to send up their new addresses in time for the list. As money is everywhere scarce this year, the Editor hopes students will help her by sending their addresses promptly, as when they do not do so much really needless expense is the result.

The January Students' Meeting in London will be held on the 8th, as the first Saturday of the month is New Year's Day. It is hoped that many students will come to that particular meeting, as Miss Parish is going to tell us about the working of the P.U.S. in Council Schools.

Mademoiselle Mottu sends us the following message: "Mademoiselle Mottu remercie infiniment du généreux souvenir que les étudiantes ont bien voulu lui offrir. Elle leur souhaite bonheur et prospérité. Genève, 15 juillet, 1915."

The next number of L'UMILE PIANTA will appear on February 15th. All communications must reach the Editor by January 15th. Her address will be The Willows, Lytham, Lancashire.

STUDENTS' MEETINGS.

HELD AT 27, CRAVEN ROAD.

OCTOBER 2ND, 1915.

The first meeting of the Autumn term was a most enjoyable one in every way. It was by no means an inviting day, but, in spite of gloomy skies overhead and mud underfoot, fifteen students found themselves gathered together at Craven Road, and we had a delightful meeting. All seemed extra fresh after the summer holidays, and extra keen on their work, and all seemed to find much to tell and to hear. Miss Evans made us welcome, and we were only sorry that Miss Faunce was feeling too poorly to come down to join us; we hoped that her indis-

position would be short-lived. Tea, as always, was much enjoyed, and several new cups and saucers much admired; the saucers must have been a little deeper than the old ones, as the spoons seemed content to remain in their proper place instead of seeking closer acquaintance with the carpet. It was very nice to see Miss Chaplin amongst us again, after her long stay in Jamaica; she has been studying some new kind of physical culture, which we shall hope to hear more of later on. It was interesting, too, to hear of Miss Owen's new post. She sails for Africa on October 25th (so will be almost there by the time the November magazine is published) to take charge of the little daughter of Mrs. Cooke at the C.M.S. Hospital at Mengo, Uganda. She will be only twelve miles from the Mission School where Janet Smyth is teaching—so they will probably often meet, as there is quite a good cycling road between the two places. I am sure we wish her every success in her new life, and shall gladly welcome any news she may feel drawn to send to the PLANT. Miss Stainton is starting a class for the first time, and we wish her also much success in her work. The November meeting will have taken place before this notice appears; but will students bear in mind that there will be meetings at 3.30 at 27, Craven Road, on December 4th, January 8th, and February 5th, and we hope that they will be as successful as the October one. Those present were: Mrs. Hughes-Jones and Mrs. Tovey, Misses Bernau, Chaplin, Claxton, Evans, Flewker, Gray, Judd, Macfarlane, Owen, El. Smith, J. R. Smith, Stainton, and Young.

L. GRAY.

TO BE HELD AT 27, CRAVEN ROAD.
JANUARY 8TH, 1916, AT 3.30 P.M.

Miss Parish has very kindly offered to come to this meeting and tell us about her visit to a Council School which is following the P.U.S. curriculum. I am sure this will be a subject

that will appeal to all—so will all students (whether past or present), who are in or near London on that date, make a special effort to be at the meeting. Please take note of the date. As there are five Saturdays in the month, and the first happens to be New Year's Day, I thought it would probably fit in better with students' arrangements to hold the meeting on January 8th. So will all who possibly can come to Craven Road that afternoon and help to make the first meeting of 1916 an unprecedented success.

LILIAN GRAY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

I am much obliged to all students who have already sent me their 1915 subscriptions in response to the special appeals sent out at the beginning of the term. Will all who have not yet done so let me have theirs as soon as possible, and if they like to send their 1916 subscription at the same time, I shall be glad. The subscriptions for 1916 fall due in January.

There was an informal meeting of the S.E.C. before the Students' Meeting on October 2nd, to discuss what we could do to cut down expenses owing to the increased postal rates. We decided that the simplest solution of the difficulty would be to cut out one issue of the PLANT, and to have a February number in place of the January and March numbers, and the money thus saved would go towards the extra expense of posting the magazines, etc., for though the $\frac{1}{2}$ d. postcard is still to be allowed, I fear that magazines, receipts, etc., will require a 1d. stamp. I hope students will agree that this is the best course to take.

LILIAN GRAY,

3, St. David's Avenue,
Bexhill, Sussex. (Only address.)

Hon. Treasurer.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

July 20th, 1915.

DEAR EDITOR,

I know that all the students who have so generously contributed towards the present for Mademoiselle Mottu will be glad to hear what has been done. The collection amounted to £12 16s. I sent the names of the contributors to Mademoiselle Mottu, together with a list of objects which had been suggested, such as a wrist watch, chiming clock, teapot, arm-chair, etc. Also, acting on the suggestion of several students, I suggested that, owing to the difficulty of sending things just now, it might be wiser to send the cheque for Mademoiselle to spend in Geneva. Mademoiselle has approved this last suggestion, and I am sure we shall all consider her decision wise. She writes: "Je suis bien touchée de toutes les marques de sympathie de toutes les étudiantes. Croyez que mon travail me manque, j'étais heureuse de penser que j'étais utile à quelque chose."

I wished so much that I could send Mademoiselle all the nice letters I had about her, but I hope we shall find time to write to her now and then.—Yours,

ELLEN A. PARISH.

ROYAL HERBERT MILITARY HOSPITAL,
WOOLWICH.

September 10th, 1915.

DEAR EDITOR,

You are wanting news of any of us who are doing war work, I think, so I will tell you what we V.A.D. members are doing here.

There are twenty-eight of us here altogether, fourteen living in a large house, some way from the Hospital, lent to the Government by General Snow, and the rest in tin huts in the

Hospital grounds. We are employed by the St. John Association (Lady Perrott, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, E.C.). We have no qualification except the First Aid and Nursing certificates, and, in some cases, no experience.

The age limit is 23 to 38 years, and we receive £20 a year, and £1 a quarter for uniform and 2s. 6d. a week for laundry. Board and lodging and *all* expenses paid. The hours are 8 till 8, with three hours off every day, half a day a week, one day a month, and half a day every other Sunday.

The food and accommodation are excellent. After one month's probation, we sign on for six months at a time.

We work in a ward, as a rule under two Sisters, and with four men orderlies who do all the rough work. Our work is to help the Sisters.

The work is very interesting indeed, and the Sisters say we are a real help to them in most cases.—Yours, etc.,

LOIS CHANING-PEARCE.

c/o W. RUSSELL BOWKER, ESQ.,
MOUNT MARGARET ESCARPMENT, B.E. AFRICA.
September 3rd, 1915.

DEAR EDITOR,

I hailed the PLANT last mail with glee and read it with greed.

How many students are working to help in this war! I wish I could, but there is nothing to be done and too many women to do it out here. Miss Gray must have left a blank quite out of proportion to her size at the students' meetings. I can't imagine one without her. Neither can I imagine Scale How without Mademoiselle Mottu. I am so glad you have put off the Students' Conference till 1917. It makes me feel as if I might have a chance of attending it.

The epitaph quoted in the notes about Banchory Devenich reminds me of one I once saw in a country churchyard. It was on the tomb of one, John Pollock—

God takes the good, too good on earth to stay,
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

I could hear the vindictive sniff with which the author penned the last line, and wondered what the black sheep of the family had really done. Perhaps her deceased husband had left all his money to the wrong person.

This is an interesting spot, even for East Africa. The farm consists of 30,000 acres of plain and hill in the Kedong valley. About ten miles away in front of the house is Luswa, a huge extinct crater, the largest in the world, Menengai, at Nakuru, being the second in size. To the right is Longonot, another huge crater. There are steam jets on both. Midway, but much nearer, is Mount Margaret, a small crater standing up abruptly from the plain. The latter is the haunt of buffalo and rhino, and formerly of elephant. In our daily walks we often pass a curious rocky pile full of hollows which have been licked by wild animals. It looks like marl, and is full of soda. A small cleft, black and sinister looking, opens in a hollow at the foot of this erection, and from it comes a deadly poisonous gas, scentless and tasteless—hydrochloric acid. Animals die in 40 seconds if they lie down close to the hole. The ground all round is quite hot, and on cold wet nights buffalo and other animals like to sleep there—but they never wake again. If you stamp on the ground anywhere near this place it emits a hollow sound. The whole of the Kedong is supposed to be more or less hollow underneath, and there is a great deal of underground water. All streams disappear eventually here. There are soda deposits at intervals all along the valley, one large one being on the summit of Mount Margaret. All round the valley are great escarpments, shutting us in, and over one of these crawls the Uganda Railway.

Mr. Bowker ranches cattle. He has about 500 head, which he is grading up—crossing the native cows with pure-bred Herefords. It is wonderful to see the uniform colouring of

the calves, even quarter-breds taking a distinct Hereford type. Coffee, mealies, sansevieria, lucerne, and fruit of all kinds, both English and tropical, grow here to perfection. It is an ideal farm, and the climate leaves almost nothing to be desired.

I cannot tell you anything of our campaign here. Everything is being grossly mismanaged, and we are doing nothing, while taken as a whole our casualties are appalling.—I am, yours, etc.,

SIBYL ALBRECHTSEN (*née* HIRTZEL).

DEAR EDITOR,

Perhaps it may interest the readers of L'UMILE PIANTA to know of a very excellent and cheap way of making a baby's cradle out of a banana crate. Just lately we have been making quite a number of these in Lincoln for the poor mothers of the city who cannot afford to buy expensive cradles. and who have no time to make them. They are being made for a Mothers' and Babies' Welcome which is just being started in Lincoln. There is already a clinic held each week, when the mothers bring their babies to be weighed, and two health visitors and a doctor are there to give advice. It was thought a good opportunity, when so many women are gathered together, to give them "Talks" on thrift, cooking, sewing, and home hygiene and infant feeding. The cradles are in tremendous request; the difficulty is to get them made fast enough. They are sold at the modest sum of 2s. 6d.

Any greengrocer will be able to supply a banana crate for 4d. The shape of it is much the same as any ordinary cradle, so it only requires to be padded and trimmed and the bedding provided. There are many ways of doing this, so I am going to describe the way I have found best. First of all, as the mother is usually very busy with her work, the cradle must be within easy reach, so I have legs put on to the cradle so that it stands about three feet high. This also makes it more healthy for the

baby, as the cradle will not get damp, and will be less draughty. The wood for the legs can be taken from the lid of the crate. The whole thing is then painted over with creosote as a disinfectant. The next thing to do is to pad the sides. To do this, make bags to fit each side; these are best made out of butter muslin. Fill the bags with shavings, just enough to prevent the baby from knocking its little arms and legs against the hard wood. Stitch tapes on to each bag so that it can be firmly tied to the sides of the cradle. Now comes the draping part. For this get some coloured or white cotton or linen material, in fact anything that will wash. In Lincoln we have an old shop where the country people get dress materials very cheaply, so I was able to buy some green and white casement cloth for 2½d. a yard. It must not be expensive, as the cradle is only going to be sold for 2s. 6d. This stuff proved admirable, and four yards of it was ample (of course double width). Make it into a cover to fit the cradle exactly, so that it goes along the bottom inside, and up the sides with about 1½ feet hanging over all round so as to cover up the ugly wood part. The part hanging over looks much prettier if it is gathered on to the part covering the inside. This covering must be made to come off easily, for the purposes of washing. If properly fitted, there should be no difficulty about this. This completes the trimming part; we now come to the bedding, the first thing being the mattress. Make a large bag out of some white stuff to fit the bottom of the cradle. Fill this with chaff. The material of which the bag is made must be fairly thick and close, otherwise the small bits of chaff will come through. This makes a very good mattress, and beautifully soft. Small blankets and sheets can be made out of any large old ones. For the pillow make another small bag and fill it also with chaff. Then make a separate pillow-case. Lastly the counterpane, which can be made out of any washable and pretty material.

This really makes a very dainty cradle, and at the same time

useful, in that it can be easily cleaned, even to the chaff mattress. If anyone thinks of making one and would like any further particulars, I shall be most pleased to give any help I can.

MADLINE C. M. LAMBERT.

SCALE HOW, AMBLESIDE.
October, 1915.

DEAR EX-STUDENTS,

As our last letter was written before the beginning of the summer holidays, we will begin by telling you the things that happened during the last few weeks of last term. The chief event was the party given by Miss Mason and Miss Williams to all the soldiers' and sailors' wives of Ambleside, which took place on July 3rd. During the previous week we were very busy taking round invitations to the people's houses. All children under 7 were invited, and the men themselves were to come if fine. The day was wet at first, but cleared up later. About six men, a hundred and fifty women and fifty children came. The grass was too wet for tea to be had out of doors, so the grown-ups had tea in the dining-room, St. George's, and the Verandah, and the children had tea in the Gymnasium. They had strawberries in plenty and thoroughly enjoyed them. They also each received a penny toy; some had celluloid fishes which they floated in the tank in the yard. After tea the grown-ups watched the children's play, which consisted of the fairy scenes and the acting scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. They had previously given a dress rehearsal in the garden for the students to see, but on the real occasion they were obliged to perform in the classroom. The elder girls took the parts of the "rude mechanicals" and of Oberon and Titania, while all the babies appeared as fairies and elves. While the play was going on, we amused our tiny guests with various games in the yard and in St. George's. Before going home they ran races for little bags of sweets.

On the last Tuesday of the term, Miss Parker gave us a very nice evening on Chopin. Near the end of the term we had a cricket match: Students *v.* School. The schoolgirls carried the day with a considerably higher score than ours.

Last term we had a course of First Aid lectures from Dr. Allen. After having five lectures in a fortnight we were examined by a Windermere doctor, who was, fortunately, very merciful. We went in four at a time, and had to answer about five questions each, including practical demonstration, but no written work.

We broke up on Wednesday, July 14th, and returned to Ambleside on the 29th of September. About seven of us went to holiday-posts for a few weeks of the holidays. We are all very busy now, as we expect Professor Campagnac in two or three weeks. We are, however, not going to do the "Tusky" exam.

The first scouting afternoon of the term took place last Saturday, when the Scout Captain and Scout Leader too were "at home" at the end of a track starting from Scale How front gate. The track was laid by two shady characters, about whose movements the police required information. The "sign" on the track included a bloody bandage, an advance-luggage form (with a German name and address), burnt paper, torn envelopes, a chain with hair caught in it, and arrows that pointed up the wall of a house and in and out of a yard! Evidence was given to the Scout Captain on arrival at the camp in the Juniper Valley, and the two most successful trackers were rewarded. The afternoon concluded with flag-raiding, baked potatoes, and "John Brown's body."

On October 8th, a missionary called Miss Ling came to tell us about her work in India. She has a boarding-school at Ootacamund for young Christian girls, besides day-schools for the Buddhist and Mohammedan girls. As the people have no clocks, a directress has to go round to the houses to collect the pupils, and the lessons can rarely commence until an hour after the due

time. Miss Ling also gave us a very interesting account of the work done by young native teachers under her direction, and of her work among the Indian women in their homes. She showed us several photographs of her schools and pupils, and a beautifully written testimonial ornamented with paintings of flowers and views given her by the children. We were very much interested in her lecture.

On Saturday, October 9th, Mr. Storey came to show us a wonderful new invention of his. It is a wonderful, though simple, apparatus for making a ship either come to a dead stop or reverse and go backwards at the same speed as before without shutting off the steam. The propeller is in the middle of a kind of tube open at both ends. In the ordinary way, the propeller sucks the water in at one end and drives it violently out at the stern. By turning a handle the man on the bridge can make the tube shut up at the stern so that the water is driven forward again, causing the ship to go backwards immediately; or he may half-close the tube so that some of the water is driven forward and some back and the ship stands still. Mr. Storey is trying his experiment on a small yacht on Windermere, and has offered to take a few of us on it. Mr. Storey also showed us a "75" shell, split in two; he showed us the various parts of it and explained its mechanism. On October 12th, Mr. Rawnsley, who lectured to us on Tennyson last term, came to read and explain "In Memoriam" to us. He had only time for part of it, so he is coming again to finish it. The only other drawing-room evening we have had so far this term was "G. F. Watts," by Miss Taylor.

The Juniors are now teaching in school, but as there are only fourteen of them, only three are going every week, and Miss Curry is taking one class. At the beginning of this term the Juniors gave the Seniors a party, tea in the dining-room, and progressive games and competitions in St. George's, from 5.0 to 7.30 p.m.

A week ago after a Picture Talk Crit., Miss Mason said that "self-expression" is not the object of the drawings the children make of the picture. Just as in "narration" the children express what they know, so in Picture Talk the children express not themselves, but their knowledge of the picture; they study pictures in order to know and be able to recognize them.

We have played hockey twice this term.

Wishing you all a pleasant Christmas Term,—We remain,
yours sincerely,

THE PRESENT STUDENTS.

LOVE AND LIFE.

THE GAP IN ORDINARY EDUCATION.—A REJOINDER.

I am rather a busy woman or I should have written before to make some comments on a paper bearing the above title which appeared in the May number of the *PIANTA*. I read the paper with much surprise and some dismay; surprise at the curious ignorance of family and social life shown by the writer, and dismay that the organ of the Students' Association should publish opinions which seem to be at variance with some important educational principles.

The problem handled so airily in the paper is not new; in some form or other it has demanded solution at all times and among all races, and it seems likely to exercise the parents of future generations. The form of the problem and its solution are necessarily determined by race, religion, civilization, education, and other conditions.

In our own times does not every thoughtful mother or teacher look at her growing children or pupils with the earnest prayer that they may be duly prepared for the joys, responsibilities and duties of the complete human life.

"For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,

For high mysterious union,
Which nought on earth may break."

Surely this solicitude is not peculiar either to the writer of the paper or to parents of our own time! The crux of the problem is: How can young people be prepared for these responsibilities without interfering unduly with the natural innocence of youth, with the:

"Delight and liberty, the happy creed
Of childhood whether busy or at rest"?

and here, I think, I differ widely from the opinions expressed in the paper, if, indeed, I rightly apprehend its meaning.

The writer admits that, "Knowledge of the facts of life and of the ritual of love is surely the sacred privilege of the parents to impart, and the more thoughtful parents of to-day see that and act upon it," but she adds mysteriously, "the immediate experiences of the home are at once too sacred and too near to be sufficient for the opening and inquiring mind, nor is such knowledge in the least a realization or necessarily a spiritual revelation."

Does this mean that even if the parents do avail themselves of the "sacred privilege" they are foredoomed to failure?

However, the chief offenders seem to be the unmarried masters and mistresses who (wisely, I think) ignore "the life of love" in their teaching.

The "literature master" and the "blundering but quite possibly married schoolmistress" of earlier times seem to have done better for some unexplained reason, and "the constant atmosphere of her own home prepared (the girl's) heart and mind to receive right impressions of life." This last statement is surprising when we remember the reserve that always characterized the relations between parents and children of an earlier generation.

Further, the writer complains that our Continental visitors point out that English parents do not prepare their girls for married life as they do.

Finally, the keeping of pets by children seems to be a most dangerous practice in this connection.

I will deal with these two points first. The keeping of pets by children is not a new practice, nor is it necessarily demoralizing, if I may judge by my own experience.

Kittens, puppies, chickens, young rabbits and dormice come into our children's world somehow; if we had asked how the dear little creatures came there I am sure we should have been told enough to satisfy us and there it would have ended, but I believe we took them as a matter of course. We have always known that the Continental plan for the preparation of the young girl for life is different from our own, and although English parents may like their girls to learn sewing and cooking, I do not think they show any inclination to adopt the Continental plan, and the question is one for parents to decide.

In fact, if we remember that we are intimately connected with a Union, which is a Union of Parents, not teachers, we must recognize that it is the duty of parents, and parents only, to prepare their children for life, and each mother and father must be left to solve the problem in the way that best suits their own children; for the same method will not answer with all children. Teachers may give valuable help to parents in this work; sometimes directly, but mainly indirectly, but they must be content to work as helpers and not as principals, except in those rare cases in which the teacher is forced to act *in loco parentis*.

I know that teachers are tempted to criticize the work of parents, as it comes before them in their pupils; we often wish that a mother had done this or had not done that, and we say with much truth that complete success for us is impossible with children who have been spoiled at home.

Such reflections are useful if they help us to realize the great difficulty and paramount importance of the parent's work, and to give generous recognition of their share in our success when

it comes to us. But let us beware of hasty efforts to amend the parents' work, to supply their omissions. For instance, let us not be officiously anxious to give knowledge to a pupil which a mother, guided by parental instinct, has withheld from her.

"Fools," says the poet, "rush in where angels fear to tread." Whatever may be the mistakes of parents with regard to this part of their work, we must hope that they will never make it over to a body of bachelors and spinsters who have qualified themselves to give instruction in the "ritual of love" as part of their professional training. If the writer of the paper did not mean to suggest this plan I must ask her to pardon me for misunderstanding her.

THE TERM'S PICTURES.

Of the three examples of Meissonier chosen for the term's work, two are war pictures, and as such singularly appropriate, and one is peace.

Of the two war ones, Napoleon at Solferino is the more difficult, from a child's point of view, the small scale dwarfing the whole picture and making it very confusing to pick out the details. But as a composition, and a lesson to the children in composition, it is magnificent. I should emphasize to them the wonderful balance of the picture, the quiet distant hill, the group of restless horsemen, the tangle of bush and bramble, that beautifier of waste places, and the gun-carriage and smoke from discharged guns, creators of desolation. The modelling of the horses, the ease of gesture of the riders, all are characteristic of Meissonier's marvellous skill in dainty finish, painted with a sureness of touch and accuracy of line that has never been equalled. Let them study the foremost horseman: tiny as the figure is, it is perfect, there is nothing stiff nor unreposeful in the drawing, and the daintiness

of the horse's limbs is shown by the dots of high light, each exactly in its right place. Note also the man in the rear who leans forward to pat his horse's withers—his hunched shoulder and his whole figure, so utterly French. A small lens will be a great help in studying this picture, and the children will find more and more to interest them after they begin to look.

"1814" shows the retreat from Moscow and Napoleon mounted on the famous white charger that carried him through so many campaigns. The man on the grey horse seems to have fallen asleep on that weary march, and the cold grey sky, with the fires of Moscow in the distance, only emphasize the dreariness of the scene. What could be more miserable than the snowy track they march on, its beautiful whiteness trodden to cold slush by the horses' feet.

It is quite a relief to turn to the other Meissonier picture: the charming French gaiety of the charming French inn—a type, alas! fast dying out. This is the painter in his gayest mood. One wonders what is the arch remark with which that picturesque maid offers the glass. The expression on the listening horseman's face, as he enjoys the joke at his friend's expense, is wonderfully caught, as is too the sour disapproval of the man in the doorway, who doubtless wishes the travellers further.

Every detail in the picture tells some story. The little child leaning its fat arms on the stone ledge, the old copper pot beneath the platform, the hens, the discarded cart, the peasant and the seigneur talking at the high doorway to the old walled garden—all have their own suggestion. Let the children tell you it is autumn, and notice the wet road and the few leaves on the inevitable poplar. London children will derive great delight from the colouring, too, unless the picture is put away for the present till less risky times.

I wondered long over the three Corots, trying to decide which I liked best, and which the children will like. The gentle